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A R T

OF PRESERVING

H E A L T H.

A

P O E M.

By JAMES ARMSTRONG, M. D.



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THE  
ART  
OF PRESERVING  
HEALTH.  
BOOK I.  
AIR.

**D**AUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,  
HYGEIA\* ; whose indulgent smile sustains  
The various race luxuriant nature pours,  
And on th' immortal essences bestows  
Immortal youth : auspicious, O descend ! 5  
Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,  
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,  
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,  
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracts  
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain. 10  
B When

\* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius ; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

## THE ART OF

When thro' the blue serenity of heaven  
 Thy power approaches, all the wasteful-host  
 Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,  
 Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,  
 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends 15  
 Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,  
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,  
 Swarm thro' the shudd'ring air: whatever plagues  
 Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings  
 Rise from the putrid watry element, 20  
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,  
 That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,  
 Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;  
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten South;  
 Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change 25  
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;  
 They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all  
 The secret poisons of avenging heaven,  
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train  
 Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught 30  
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,  
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,  
 Portend disastrous to the vital world;  
 Thy salutary power averts their rage,  
 Averts the general bane: and but for thee 35  
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without



Without thy chearful active energy  
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,  
No more the maids of Helicon delight.  
Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay! 40  
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,  
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws;  
“How best the sickle fabrick to support  
“Of mortal man; in healthful body how  
“A healthful mind the longest to maintain.” 45  
’Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse  
The best, and those of most extensive use;  
Harder in clear and animated song  
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.  
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace 50  
Of nature, and with daring steps proceed  
Thro’ paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,  
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind  
Which taught to check the pestilential fire, 55  
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.  
O thou belov’d by all the graceful arts,  
Thou long the fav’rite of the healing powers,  
Indulge, O MEAD! a well design’d essay,  
Howe’er imperfect: and permit that I 60  
My little knowledge with my country share,  
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,  
And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear  
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind ;  
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;  
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke  
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,  
 The dying, sickning, and the living world  
 Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome 70  
 With dim mortality. It is not Air  
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,  
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,  
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw  
 Of nature ; when from shape and texture she 75  
 Relapses into fighting elements :  
 It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass  
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.  
 Much moisture hurts ; but here a sordid bath,  
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more  
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.  
 Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay  
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,  
 This slumbering deep remains, and ranker grows 85  
 With sickly rest : and (tho' the lungs abhor  
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyfs)  
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,  
 Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimnies, tame  
 The putrid steams that overswarm the sky ;  
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode 90  
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,

In

In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd ;  
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn  
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,  
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood, 95  
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.  
 While yet you breathe, away ; the rural wilds  
 Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales ;  
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze  
 That fans the ever undulating sky ; 100  
 A kindly sky ! whose soft'ning pow'r regales  
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.  
 Find then some woodland scene where Nature smiles  
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.  
 To us there wants not many a happy Seat ; 105  
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise  
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.  
 See where enthron'd in adamantinè state,  
 Proud of her bards, imperial *Wind* for sits ;  
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove 110  
 Fast by the slowly-winding *Thames* ; or where  
 Broader she laves fair *Richmond's* green retreats,  
 (*Richmond* that sees an hundred villas rise  
 Rural or gay.) O ! from the summer's rage,  
 O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides 115  
 Umbrageous *Ham* ! But if the busy Town  
 Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,  
 Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess  
 In *Hamstead*, courted by the western wind ;



Or *Greenwich*, waving o'er the winding flood; 120  
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds  
 Of *Dulwich*, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.  
 Green rise the *Kentish* hills in chearful air;  
 But on the marshy plains that *Essex* spreads  
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.  
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf, 126  
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,  
 Quartana there presides: a meagre Fiend  
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force  
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens. 130  
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest  
 With fev'rish blasts subdues the sickning land:  
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,  
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains  
 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,  
 And rack the joints, and every torpid limb; 136  
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats  
 O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.  
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;  
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away; 140  
 The chearful, pure, and animated bloom  
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy  
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.  
 And oft the Sorcerers, in her fated wrath,  
 Religns them to the furies of her train; 145  
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend  
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In



In quest of Sites, avoid the mournful plain  
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;  
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow : 150  
 Nor for the wealth that all the *Indies* roll  
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.  
 For from the humid soil and watry reign  
 Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air  
 For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight 155  
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.  
 Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun  
 Who dreads the dropfy, palsy, or the gout,  
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;  
 Or any other injury that grows 160  
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,  
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood  
 In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;  
 For Air may be too dry. The subtle heaven, 165  
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,  
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,  
 Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph  
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.  
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay 170  
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,  
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.  
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood

A mass

A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide  
 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins, 175  
 Unactive in the services of life,  
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'  
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.  
 The melancholic Fiend (that worst despair  
 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man 180  
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain  
 Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adust  
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,  
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes 185  
 Of Air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.  
 But as the power of chusing is deny'd  
 To half mankind, a further task ensues;  
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,  
 How breathe unhurt the withering element, 190  
 Or hazy atmosphere: Tho' Custom moulds  
 To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;  
 And he who first the fogs of *Effex* breath'd  
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens  
 Of *Effex* from inveterate ills revive 195  
 At pure *Montpelier* or *Bermuda* caught.  
 But if the raw and oozy heaven offend:  
 Correct the soil, and dry the sources up  
 Of watry exhalation; wide and deep  
 Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog; 200  
 Sollici-

Sollicitous, with all your winding arts,  
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream ;  
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds  
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;  
Or thro' the thickets fend the crackling flames. 205  
Mean time, at home with chearful fires dispel  
The humid air : and let your table smoke  
With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds  
Of tamer breed supply : or what the wilds  
Yield to the toilsom pleasures of the chase. 210  
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,  
But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,  
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,  
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.  
But neither these nor all Apollo's arts, 215  
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,  
Unless with exercise and manly toil  
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.  
The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease  
Avoid ; if indolence would wish to live ; 220  
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year  
In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch  
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood ;  
Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,  
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ; 225  
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,  
And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.  
Here spread your gardens wide ! and let the cool,

The

The moist relaxing vegetable store  
 Prevail in each repast: Your food supplied 230  
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,  
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,  
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass  
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave;  
 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood 235  
 A smooth dilated chyle may ever flow.  
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess  
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour  
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl  
 Of keen Sherbet the fickle taste relieve. 240  
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream  
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups  
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.  
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls  
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge  
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach 246  
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air  
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts  
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.  
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250  
 Bedew'd, our Seasons droop: incumbent still  
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.  
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise  
 Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades  
 Had left the dungeons of eternal night, 255  
 Till black with thunder all the South descends.

Scarce

Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge  
 Our melting clime; except the baleful East  
 230 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks  
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk 260  
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.  
 Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes  
 This dismal change! The brooding elements  
 235 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,  
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague? 265  
 Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above  
 That lesty *Albion* melt into the main?  
 Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!  
 240 Bind in eternal adamant the winds  
 That drown or wither: Give the genial West 270  
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:  
 And may once more the circling seasons rule  
 The year; not mix in ev'ry monstrous day.

Mean time the moist malignity to shun  
 Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign  
 Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram 276  
 And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;  
 And where the \* Cynorrhodon with the rose  
 50 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil  
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. 280  
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking sleep  
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.

And

\* The will rose, or that which grows on the common briar.



And let them see the winter morn arise,  
The summer evening blushing in the west ;  
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285  
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,  
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.  
O ! when the growling winds contend, and all  
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm ;  
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din 290  
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights  
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.  
The murm'ring riv'let, and the hoarser strain  
Of waters rushing o'er the slipp'ry rocks,  
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest. 295  
To please the fancy is no trifling good,  
Where health is studied ; for whatever moves  
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just  
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.  
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes 300  
The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,  
From vale to mountain, with incessant change  
Of purest element, refreshing still  
Your airy seat, and uninfected Gods.  
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds 305  
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides  
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.  
His purer mansion nor contagious years  
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But



But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain, 310  
 Involve my hill ! And wheresoe'er you build ;  
 Whether on sun-burnt *Epsom*, or the plains  
 Wash'd by the silent *Lee* ; in *Chelsea* low,  
 Or high *Blackheath* with wintery winds assail'd ;  
 Dry be your house : but airy more than warm. 315  
 Else every breath of ruder wind will strike  
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains ;  
 Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarseness bind your  
 voice,

Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.  
 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell 320  
 In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,  
 Let lofty cielings grace your ample rooms ;  
 And still at azure noontide may your dome  
 At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here, 325  
 And theatres open to the south, commend ?  
 Here, where the morning's misty breath infests  
 More than the torrid noon ? How sickly grow,  
 How pale, the plants in those ill fated vales  
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap 330  
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope  
 To feel, the genial vigour of the sun !  
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames  
 The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows  
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet ; 335  
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,

And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.  
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand  
The fost'ring sun; whose energy divine  
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat  
Glow thro' the mass of grosser elements, 341  
And kindles into life the ponderous spheres,  
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,  
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!  
If not the soul, the regent of this world,  
First-born of heaven, and only less than God! 346

THE

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THE  
ART  
OF PRESERVING  
HEALTH.  
BOOK II.  
DIET.

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THE  
ART  
OF PRESERVING  
HEALTH.  
BOOK II.  
DIE T.

ENOUGH of Air. A desert subject now,  
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.  
A barren waste, where not a garland grows  
To bind the Muse's brow ; not ev'n a proud  
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath, 5  
To rouse a noble horror in the soul :  
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads  
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.  
Farewel, etherial fields! the humbler arts



Of life; the Table and the homely Gods, 10  
Demand my song. Elysian gales, adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,  
The generous stream that waters every part,  
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys  
To every particle that moves or lives; 15  
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes  
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again  
Refunded; scourg'd for ever round and round;  
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets  
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin 20  
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates  
Are open to its flight, it would destroy  
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.  
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes  
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide 25  
That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream  
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force  
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,  
That very force, those plastic particles  
Rebuild: So mutable the state of man. 30  
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,  
Daily with fresh materials to repair  
This unavoidable expence of life,  
This necessary waste of flesh and blood. 34  
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,  
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;

The





The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide  
 To liquors, which thro' finer arteries  
 To different parts their winding course pursue;  
 To try new changes, and new forms put on, 40  
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind  
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal  
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin:  
 By violent powers too easily subdu'd, 45  
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,  
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass.  
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;  
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,  
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste 50  
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,  
 Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste  
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!  
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid  
 The full repast; and let sagacious age 55  
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food  
 Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers;  
 And soon the tender vegetable mass 59  
 Relents; and soon the young of those that tread  
 The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,  
 Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall

In

In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;  
 Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,  
 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke. 65  
 Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,  
 Indulge the veteran Ox: But wiser thou,  
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs,  
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;  
 A race of purer blood, with exercise 70  
 Refin'd and scanty fare: For, old or young,  
 The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.  
 Not all the culinary arts can tame,  
 To wholesome food, the abominable growth  
 Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste 75  
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.  
 The languid stomach curses even the pure  
 Delicious fat: and all the race of oil:  
 For more the oily aliments relax  
 Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph 80  
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)  
 Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles  
 The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,  
 So gentle late and blandishing, in floods  
 Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence, 85  
 What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.  
 Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make  
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:  
 Chuse sober meals; and rouse to active life 89  
 Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' infeebling down,  
 Irresolute

Irresolute, protract the morning hours.  
 But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,  
 With chearful ease and succulent repast  
 Improve his slender habit. Each extreme  
 From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could relate what table this demands  
 Or that complexion; what the various powers  
 Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,  
 And fifty more, before the tale were done.  
 Besides there often lurks some nameless, strange,  
 Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd, 101  
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;  
 Which finds a poison in the food that most  
 The temp'ature affects. There are, whose blood  
 Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins, 105  
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind'  
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.  
 Of chilly nature others fly the board  
 Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers  
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.  
 Some even the generous nutriment detest 110  
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.  
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts  
 Of Pales; soft, delicious and benign:  
 The balmy quintessence of every flower,  
 And every grateful herb that decks the spring; 115  
 The soft'ning dew of tender sprouting life;  
 The

The best refection of declining age :  
 The kind restorative of those who lie -  
 Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife  
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death, 120  
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,  
 There is not such a salutary food  
 As suits with every stomach. But (except,  
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,  
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which 125  
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all;)   
 Taught by experience soon you may discern  
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates  
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;  
 Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face, 130  
 Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue;  
 Or much diminish or too much increase  
 Th' expence, which nature's wise œconomy,  
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.  
 Such cates adjur'd, let prouling hunger loose, 135  
 And bid the curious palate roam at will;  
 They scarce can err amid the various stores  
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king  
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives; 140  
 The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,  
 Would at the manger starve; Of milder seeds  
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain

Con-

Confines his wish ; tho' fabling *Greece* resound  
 The *Thracian* steeds with human carnage wild. 145  
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,  
 Each creature knows its proper aliment ;  
 But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,  
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.  
 Directed, bounded, by this power within, 150  
 Their cravings are well aim'd : Voluptuous Man  
 Is by superior faculties misled ;  
 Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.  
 Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,  
 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste, 155  
 And mad variety, to spur beyond  
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite !  
 Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;  
 And know, that temperance is true luxury.  
 Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim. 160  
 Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire ;  
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,  
 Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as  
     yours,  
 The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates. 164  
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,  
 Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.  
 Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm  
 But that which binds the mercenary vow ?  
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom  
 Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade ? 170  
 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,

Or



Or by a heart too generous and humane,  
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,  
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?  
There are, while human miseries abound, 175  
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,  
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,  
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,  
Besides provoking the lascivious taste. 180  
Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,  
Each other violate; and oft we see  
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,  
From combinations of innoxious things.  
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine 185  
To hermit's diet needlessly severe,  
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,  
Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal  
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,  
Of every realm. It matters not mean while 190  
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;  
So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,  
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.  
But stay the curious appetite, and taste  
With caution fruits you never tried before. 195  
For want of use the kindest aliment  
Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage  
Of poison to mild amity with life.



# PRESERVING HEALTH. 25

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste  
 Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd 200  
 This bent of nature ; that few simple foods,  
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,  
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense  
 Of light reflection, at the genial board  
 Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast 205  
 To dull satiety ; till soft and slow  
 A drowzy death creeps on, th' expansive soul  
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.  
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,  
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues 210  
 The softest food : unfinished and deprav'd,  
 The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns  
 Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams  
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.  
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt 215  
 Th' unripen'd grape ? Or what mechanic skill  
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund  
 Of plagues : but more immedicable ills  
 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows 220  
 How to disburden the too tumid veins,  
 Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ;  
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,  
 Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,  
 And with balsamic nutriment repair 225

D

The

The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid  
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;  
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,  
 Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.  
 When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait 230  
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :  
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond  
 What nature well can bear ; and one extreme  
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.  
 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb 235  
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers,  
 Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.  
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege  
 And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;  
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that *Albion* breeds 240  
 Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wintry main ;  
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore  
 Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;  
 Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day :  
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,  
 Than war or famine. While the vital fire 246  
 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on ;  
 But prudently foment the wandering spark  
 With what the soonest feels its kindred touch :  
 Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give 250  
 At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;  
 'Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame  
 Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)  
 Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails 255  
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow  
 From this to that : So nature learns to bear  
 Whatever, chance, or headlong appetite  
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues  
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury 260  
 Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.  
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast  
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours ;  
 Then is the time to shun the tempting board,  
 Were it your natal or your nuptial day. 265  
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves  
 The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once  
 Might cost you labour. But the day return'd  
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge  
 Most in the tender vegetable breed : 270  
 Then chiefly when the summer's beams inflame  
 The brazen heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds  
 A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.  
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup  
 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand, 275  
 Will save your head from harm, tho' round the  
 world  
 The dreaded \* Causos roll his wasteful fires.  
 Pale humid winter loves the generous board,  
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;  
 And longs with old wood and old wine to chear 280

D 2

His

\* The burning fever.

His quaking heart. The seasons which divide  
 The empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,  
 Influenc'd by both ; a middle regimen  
 Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain  
 Descending, nature by degrees invites 285  
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth  
 Of winter when th' invigorated year  
 Emerges ; when Favonius flush'd with love,  
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends 289  
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;  
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks  
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check  
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits  
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky :  
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand 295  
 The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd  
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young ;  
 Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd  
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures  
 The food that suits it most ; so does each clime. 300

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where  
 Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste  
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole ;  
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants  
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother, 305  
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,  
 Untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave :

Pomona

Pomona hates them, and the clownish God  
 Who tends the garden. In this frozen world  
 Such cooling gifts were vain : A fitter meal 310  
 Is earn'd with ease ; for here the fruitful spawn  
 Of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board  
 With generous fare and luxury profuse.  
 These are their bread, the only bread they know ;  
 These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops  
 The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills, 316  
 Or scales the fattening moss, or savage rocks.  
 Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South  
 Her swarthy sons in either Ind' maintains :  
 Or thirsty Libya ; from whose fervid loins  
 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams 320  
 The affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,  
 Aduſt and dry, no sweet repaſt affords :  
 Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,  
 So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals  
 Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood 325  
 Brews feveriſh frays ; where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain  
 Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe ;  
 Kind Nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.  
 But here in livid ripeneſs melts the Grape :  
 Here, finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns, 330  
 Thro' the green ſhade the golden orange glows :  
 Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields  
 A generous pulp ; the Coco ſwells on high,  
 With milky riches ; and in horrid mail



The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets; 335  
Earth's vaunted progeny : In ruder air .  
Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live ;  
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire  
To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile  
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn. 340  
Here buxom Ceres reigns : Th' autumnal sea  
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.  
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,  
Nature profuses most, and most the taste  
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine  
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls. 346  
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs  
Supports in else intolerable air :  
While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove  
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage 350  
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;  
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.  
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din 355  
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.  
With holy reverence I approach the rocks  
Whence glide the streams renown'd in antient song.  
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep  
First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po  
In

In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves 361  
 A mighty flood to water half the East ;  
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,  
 The chearless Tanais pours his hoary urn. 364  
 What solemn twilight ! What stupendous shades  
 Enwrap these infant floods ! Thro' every nerve  
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear  
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round ;  
 And more gigantic still th' impending trees  
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.  
 Are these the confines of some fairy world ? 371  
 A land of Genii ? Say, beyond these wilds  
 What unknown nations ? If indeed beyond  
 Auglet habitable lies. And whither leads,  
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain, 375  
 That subterraneous way ? Propitious maids,  
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread  
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing  
 Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health  
 Command) to praise your crystal element ; 380  
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works ;  
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,  
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;  
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment  
 And life, to all that vegetate or live. 385

O comfortable streams ! With eager lips  
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff

New

New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.  
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;  
 None warmer fought the fires of human kind. 390  
 Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days  
 Felt not the alternate fits of feverish mirth,  
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,  
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.  
 Blest with divine immunity from ails, 396  
 Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate  
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of Gods  
 Return to visit their degenerate sons, 400  
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,  
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!  
 Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,  
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without  
 disdain 405

The choice of Water. Thus the \*Coan sage  
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every School.  
 What least of foreign principles partakes  
 Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch  
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air; 410  
 The most insipid; the most void of smell.  
 Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides  
 Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale

For

\* Hippocrates.

For ever boil, alike of winter frosts  
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,  
O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile  
Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholesome yields  
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,  
And half the mountains melt into the tide.  
Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid 420  
The fordid lake, and all such drowsy floods  
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;  
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;  
Squalid with generation, and the birth  
Of little monsters;) till the power of fire 425  
Has from prophane embraces disengag'd  
The violated lymph. The virgin stream  
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes  
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow. 420  
But where the stomach, indolently given,  
Toys with its duty, animate with wine  
Th' insipid stream: Tho' golden Ceres yields  
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;  
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all 435  
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyfs  
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,  
And furious with intoxicating fire;  
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd  
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years  
Embalm'd

Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine 449  
 The puny wonders of the reptile world,  
 The tender rudiments of life, the slim  
 Unravellings of minute anatomy,  
 Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain. 455

We curse not wine : The vile excess we blame ;  
 More fruitful than th' accumulated board,  
 Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught  
 Faster and surer swells the vital tide ;  
 And with more active poison, than the floods 460  
 Of grosser crudity convey, pervades  
 The far-remote meanders of our frame.  
 Ah ! fly deceiver ! Branded o'er and o'er,  
 Yet still believ'd ! Exulting o'er the wreck,  
 Of sober vows ! — But the Parnassian Maids 465  
 \* Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,  
 The fatal charms, the many woes of wine ;  
 Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,  
 Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife, 470  
 Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels  
 The loitering crudities that burthen life ;  
 And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears  
 Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world  
 Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r 475  
 To

• See Book iv.



To learn to bear is easier than to shun.  
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,  
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine  
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;  
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays 480  
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend  
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?  
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:  
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won;  
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth  
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein 486  
In cups by well-inform'd experience found  
The least your bane: And only with your friends.  
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen  
By friends alone, and men of generous minds. 490

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return  
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,  
Except when life declines, even sober cups.  
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,  
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,  
The sapless habit daily to bedew, 496  
And give the hesitating wheels of life  
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:  
And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,  
To squander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dextrous thousands just within the goal  
Of

Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!  
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,  
 No morning admonitions shock the head.  
 But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace, 505  
 And that incurable disease old age,  
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,  
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime:  
 Except kind nature by some hasty blow  
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er  
 Beyond its natural fervor hurries on 511  
 The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,  
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil  
 Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,  
 And sows the temples with untimely snow. 515  
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel  
 The heart's increasing force, and, day by day,  
 The growth advances; till the larger tubes,  
 Acquiring (from their \* elemental veins,  
 Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,  
 Sustain,

\* In the human-body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood. 520  
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse  
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small;  
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.  
 Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force  
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes; 525  
 Its various functions vigorously are plied  
 By strong machinery; and in solid health  
 The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.  
 But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,  
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend.  
 For still the beating tide consolidates 531  
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still  
 To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.  
 This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees  
 To hard unyielding unelastic bone, 535  
 Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood  
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;  
 It loiters still: And now it stirs no more.  
 This is the period few attain; the death  
 Of nature; thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life 540  
 Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd  
 Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;  
 And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had  
flood

The crush of thunder and the warring winds, 545

E

Shook

Shook by the flow, but sure destroyer Time,  
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.  
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,  
Descend : The Babylonian spires are sunk ;  
Achaia, Rome and Egypt moulder down. 550  
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.  
This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;  
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,  
The sun himself, shall die ; and ancient night 555  
Again involve the desolate abyfs :  
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeless gloom  
Extend his arm to light another world,  
And bid new planets roll by other laws.  
For thro' the regions of unbounded space, 560  
Where uncontin'd Omnipotence has room,  
BEING, in various system, fluctuates still  
Between creation and abhorr'd decay :  
It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.  
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ; 565  
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

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THE  
ART  
OF PRESERVING  
HEALTH.  
BOOK III.  
EXERCISE.

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EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' advent'rous Muse  
has past;

But half the toil, and more than half, remains.

Rude is her Theme, and hardly fit for Song;

Plain, and of little ornament; and I

But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.

5

Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,

If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.

To you, ye delicate, I write; for you

E 3

I tame

I tame my youth to philosophic cares,  
 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps. 10  
 Not to debilitate with timorous rules  
 A hardy frame ; nor needlessly to brave  
 Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength ;  
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years  
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd  
 Who would with warm effeminacy nurse 16  
 The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow  
 Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils  
 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies ; 20  
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,  
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.  
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given ;  
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs  
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly 25  
 When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.  
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,  
 Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd  
 To every casualty of varied life ;  
 Serene he bears the peevish Eastern blast, 30  
 And uninfested breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;  
 Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil  
 Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain 34  
 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these  
 Laconia

Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;  
 And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,  
 Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves  
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ; 40  
 The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,  
 Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd ; the vapid old  
 Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.  
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms  
 Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray 45  
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :  
 Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan  
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,  
 And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.  
 Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost  
 The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth 51  
 Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurus' blasts  
 This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.  
 My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain  
 Or fogs relent, no season should confine 55  
 Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.  
 Go, climb the mountain ; from th' ethereal source  
 Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn  
 Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed.  
 Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch 60  
 The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport  
 Intent, with emulous impatience try  
 Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey  
 Delight

Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer ;  
 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake 65  
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chace o'er hill and dale  
 Exceed your strength ; a sport of less fatigue,  
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream  
 Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er 70  
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,  
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds  
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent ;  
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ; such  
 The Esk o'erhung with woods ; and such the stream,  
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air, 76  
 Liddal ; till now, except in Doric lays,  
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
 Unknown in song : Tho' not a purer stream, 79  
 Thro' meads more flowery or more romantic groves,  
 Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood !  
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
 In rural innocence ; thy mountains still  
 Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods  
 For ever flourish ; and thy vale look gay 85  
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain !  
 Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,  
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,  
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd :  
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,  
 With



With the well-imitated fly to hook  
The eager trout, and with the slender line  
And yielding rod solicit to the shore  
The struggling, panting prey ; while vernal clouds  
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool, 95  
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,  
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.  
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)  
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains. 100  
But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,  
Or secret want of relish for the game,  
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care  
To haunt the peopled stream ; the Garden yields  
A soft amusement, an humane delight. 105  
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground ;  
Or tame its savage genius to the grace  
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems  
The amiable result of happy chance,  
Is to create ; and gives a god-like joy, 110  
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain  
To check the lawless riot of the trees,  
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.  
O happy he ! whom, when his years decline,  
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means 115  
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind ;  
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,  
Even

Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves  
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,  
 Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares 120  
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.  
 Happiest of men! if the same soil invites  
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,  
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;  
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue 125  
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:  
 A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,  
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.  
 Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs  
 The vists best, and best conducts the stream; 130  
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;  
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shews  
 The earliest bloom; the sweetest, proudest charms  
 Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice  
 To match the sprightly genius of Champaign. 135  
 Thrice happy days! in rural business past;  
 Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire  
 Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family  
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,  
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous frame,  
 With wileless wantonness to hunt it down: 141  
 Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song  
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates  
 Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:  
 Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour 145  
 Of

Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,  
 His neighbours lift the latch, and blest unbid  
 His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,  
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;  
 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace 150  
 Whate'er amuses, or improves the mind.  
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste  
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,  
 Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)  
 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman 155  
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;  
 And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,  
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;  
 The tennis some; and some the graceful dance. 160  
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,  
 Or naked stubble; where from field to field  
 The founding coveys urge their labouring flight;  
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour  
 The gun's unerring thunder: And there are 165  
 Whom still the \*meed of the green archer charms.  
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains  
 His vacant fancy most; The toil you hate  
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.  
 As

\* This word is much used by some of the English poets, and signifies Reward or Prize.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind 170  
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;  
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould  
 But some one part is weaker than the rest:  
 The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,  
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously, 175  
 But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,  
 Acquire a vigour and elastic spring  
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts  
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and as your nerves 180  
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.  
 The prudent, even in every moderate walk,  
 At first but saunter; and by slow degrees  
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise  
 Well knows the master of the flying steed. 185  
 First from the goal the manag'd coursers play  
 On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth  
 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath  
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;  
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way, 190  
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.  
 When all at once from indolence to toil  
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock  
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats  
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm. 195  
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,

The

The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,  
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs  
 With dangerous inundation : Oft the source  
 Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,  
 Asthma, and feller \* Peripneumony,  
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic Fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd  
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs,  
 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels 205  
 His vegetation and brute force decay.

The men of better clay and finer mould  
 Know nature, feel the human dignity ;  
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.  
 Pursu'd proluxly, even the gentlest toil 210

Is waste of health ; repose by small fatigue  
 Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone  
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.  
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much  
 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm. 215  
 But when the hard varieties of life

You toil to learn ; or try the dusty chace,  
 Or the warm deeds of some important day :  
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs  
 In wish'd repose ; nor court the fanning gale, 220  
 Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears  
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,  
 Forbear ! No other pestilence has driven

F

Such

\* The inflammation of the lungs.



Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.  
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse 225  
 Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:  
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,  
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps  
 Of Science; and devote seven years to toil.  
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears 230  
 With what it little boots you to attain.  
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows  
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools  
 boil,  
 What signs portend the storm: To subtler minds  
 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause 235  
 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;  
 Whence those impetuous currents in the main,  
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why  
 The rough'ning deep expects the storm, as sure  
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven. 240

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied  
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts;  
 All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,  
 And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath  
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs. 245  
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs  
 Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal  
 The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime  
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.  
 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace, 250  
 And

And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels  
 Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North ;  
 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin  
 Too soft ; or teach the recremental fume  
 Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways. 255  
 For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce  
 In endless millions the close-woven skin,  
 The baser fluids in a constant stream  
 Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.  
 While this eternal, this most copious, waste 260  
 Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,  
 Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers  
 Of health besfriend you, all the wheels of life  
 With ease and pleasure move : But this restrain'd  
 Or more or less, so more or less you feel 265  
 The functions labour : From this fatal source  
 What woes descend is never to be sung.  
 To take their numbers were to count the sands  
 That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air ;  
 Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils  
 The Baltic, thunder on the German shore. 271  
 Subject not then by soft emollient arts  
 This grand expence, on which your fates depend,  
 To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart  
 The genius of your clime : For from the blood  
 Least fickle rise the recremental steams,  
 And least obnoxious to the styptic air, 276

Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.  
 The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads  
 His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heav'n;  
 And hence our painted ancestors defied 281  
 The East; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures  
 Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost:  
 Except, by habits foreign to its turn, 285  
 Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.  
 Rude at the first; the winter shocks you less  
 By long acquaintance: Study then your sky,  
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,  
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun. 290  
 Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n,  
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent  
 The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,  
 I praise their dauntless heart: A frame so steel'd  
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts, 295  
 That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;  
 The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,  
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.  
 But all things have their bounds; and he who makes  
 By daily use the kindest regimen 300  
 Essential to his health, should never mix  
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.  
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life  
 Without some shock endures; ill fitted he

To

To want the known, or bear unusual things. 305  
 Besides, the powerful remedies of pain  
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)  
 Should never with your prosperous days of health  
 Grow too familiar: For by frequent use  
 The strongest medicines lose their healing power,  
 And even the surest poisons theirs to kill. 311

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach  
 Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,  
 Or the wide flood thro' rich Indostan roll'd,  
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave 315  
 Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free  
 Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin  
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.  
 So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;  
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell. 320  
 With us, the man of no complaint demands  
 The warm ablution, just enough to clear  
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep  
 The body sacred from indecent soil.  
 Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce 325  
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth  
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;  
 The want of this is Poverty's worst woe;  
 With this external virtue Age maintains  
 A decent grace; without it Youth and charms 330  
 Are loathsome. This the skilful Virgin knows;

So doubtless do your wives ; For married fires,  
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;  
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)  
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart. 335

But now the hours and seasons when to toil  
 From foreign themes recall my wandering song.  
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,  
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.  
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame 340  
 'Tis wisely done : For while the thirsty veins,  
 Impatient of lean penury, devour  
 The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time  
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.  
 Now while the stomach from the full repast  
 Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,  
 Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil ;  
 And ye, whom no luxuriancy of growth  
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.  
 But from the recent meal no labours please, 350  
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers  
 Claim all the wandering spirits to a work  
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event :  
 A work of time ; and you may rue the day  
 You hurried, with ill-season'd exercise, 355  
 A half-concocted chyle into the blood.  
 The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm,  
 Much toil demands : The lean elastic less.

While



While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,  
 No labours are too hard: By those you 'scape 360  
 The slow diseases of the torpid year;  
 Endless to name; to one of which alone,  
 To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves  
 Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains  
 May all be free who merit not the wheel! 365  
 But from the burning Lion when the sun  
 Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood  
 Too much already maddens in the veins,  
 And all the finer fluids thro' the skin  
 Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade 370  
 Reclin'd, or sauntering in the lofty grove,  
 No needless slight occasion should engage  
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.  
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve  
 To shady walks and active rural sports 375  
 Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,  
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace  
 Of humid skies; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy  
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,  
 While the soft evening saddens into night: 380  
 Tho' the sweet Poet of the vernal groves  
 Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world  
 Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops  
 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil  
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd 386

A pleasing lassitude : He not in vain  
 Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.  
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve  
 In soft repose : On him the balmy dew 390  
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.  
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night  
 In deep oblivion ; or on Fancy's wings  
 Visit the paradise of happy Dreams,  
 And waken chearful as the lively morn ; 395  
 Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest  
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full :  
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd,  
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign  
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils 400  
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil  
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks  
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,  
 The busy dæmons hurl ; or in the main  
 O'erwhelm ; or bury struggling under ground. 405  
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes  
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,  
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits  
 Of wild Orestes : whose delirious brain, 409  
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought :  
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul ;  
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself  
 For ever torn ; and chaos floating round.  
 What dreams presage, what danger these or those  
 Portend

# PRESERVING HEALTH. 57

Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers 415  
 Reveal'd of old and men of deathless fame,  
 We would not to the superstitious mind  
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.  
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night  
 To banish omens and all restless woes. 420

In study some protract the silent hours,  
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;  
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.  
 But surely this redeems not from the shades  
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail 425  
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give  
 Of th' ever-varying circle of the day ;  
 Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom  
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.  
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, 430  
 Defies the early fogs : But, by the toils  
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,  
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.  
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,  
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies 435  
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.  
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,  
 The delicate Narcissus pines away  
 In hectic langour ; and a slow disease  
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd 440  
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone  
 To

To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?  
 O shame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,  
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind 445  
 Sleep fast and deep: Their active functions soon  
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;  
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves  
 Feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.  
 The sons of indolence, with long repose, 450  
 Grow torpid; and with slowest Lethe drunk,  
 Feebly and lingringly return to life,  
 Blunt every sense and powerless every limb.  
 Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)  
 On the hard matrafs or elastic couch 455  
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;  
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain  
 And springy nerves, the blandishment of down:  
 Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal  
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams. 460

He without riot, in the balmy feast  
 Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd,  
 Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.  
 But pliant nature more or less demands,  
 As custom forms her; and all sudden change 465  
 She hates of habit, even from bad to good.  
 If faults in life, or new emergencies,  
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,  
 Slow

Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;  
 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves, 470  
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd  
 Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,  
 Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;  
 The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer grows; 475  
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;  
 And aged Autumn brews the winter storm.  
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void  
 Of mortal shocks: The cold and torrid reigns,  
 The two great periods of th' important year, 480  
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe:  
 Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,  
 And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.  
 He well advis'd, who taught our wiser sires  
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils, 485  
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;  
 And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring  
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.  
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains  
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring 490  
 Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death  
 With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold  
 The omens of the year; What seasons teem  
 With



With what diseases; what the humid South 495  
 Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the East:  
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.  
 Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,  
 Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,  
 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, 500  
 And taught already how to each extream  
 To bend your life. But should the public bane  
 Infect you; or some trespass of your own,  
 Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:  
 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides 505  
 Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;  
 When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels  
 A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;  
 Be Celsus call'd. The Fates come rushing on;  
 The rapid Fates admit of no delay; 510  
 While wilful you, and fatally secure,  
 Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,  
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak  
 And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway  
 O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care, 515  
 Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!  
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy  
 The hardiest frame! of indolence, of toil,  
 We die; of want, of superfluity: 520  
 The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,

It

Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South  
 Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony  
 Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,  
 Th' imprisoned plagues; a secret venom oft 525  
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.  
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!  
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,  
 Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!  
 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies, 530  
 Albion the poison of the Gods has drank,  
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent  
 Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;  
 While, for which tyrant England should receive  
 Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd, 536  
 And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk  
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd;  
 Another plague of more gigantic arm  
 Arose, a monster never known before, 540  
 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.  
 This rapid Fury not, like other pests,  
 Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day  
 Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,  
 And strew'd with sudden carcases the land. 545

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part,  
 Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.

G

With

With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark  
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within :  
 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.  
 Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood 551  
 Gush'd out in smoaky sweats ; but nought assuag'd  
 The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd  
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,  
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain, 555  
 They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream  
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.  
 The restless arteries with rapid blood  
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly  
 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings  
 heav'd. 560

At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,  
 A wild delirium came ; their weeping friends  
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs  
 Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers  
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown ; a ponderous sleep  
 Wrapt all the senses up : They slept and died. 566

In some a gentle horror crept at first  
 O'er all the limbs ; the sluices of the skin  
 Witheld their moisture, till by art provok'd  
 The sweats o'erflowed ; but in a clammy tide : 570  
 Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow ;  
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature  
 Had mix'd the blood ; and rank with fetid steams :

As

As if the pent-up humours by delay  
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.  
 Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd) 576  
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats  
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates  
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.  
 For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race 580  
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd :  
 Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd ;  
 Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive ;  
 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow ; 585  
 And whom the second spar'd, a third destroy'd.  
 Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun  
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land  
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms :  
 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around, 590  
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town.  
 Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,  
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind ;  
 In vain : Where'er they fled, the Fates pursu'd.  
 Others with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,  
 To seek protection in far-distant skies ; 596  
 But none they found. It seem'd the general air,  
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,  
 Was then at enmity with English blood.  
 For, but the race of England, all were safe

In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste      600  
 The foreign blood which England then contain'd.  
 Where shou'd they fly ? The circumambient heaven  
 Involv'd them still ; and every breeze was bane.  
 Where find relief ? The salutary art  
 Was mute ; and, startled at the new disease,      605  
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.  
 To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their  
     pray'rs ;

Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd ;  
 Fatigu'd with vain resources ; and subdu'd  
 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear ;      610  
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.  
 Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,  
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.  
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,  
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then      615  
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.  
 In heaps they fell : And oft one bed, they say,  
 The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the fates depend  
 Of tottering Albion ! ye eternal fires      620  
 That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year ! ye  
     Powers

That o'er th' incircling elements preside !  
 May nothing worse than what this age has seen  
 Arrive ! Enough abroad, enough at home

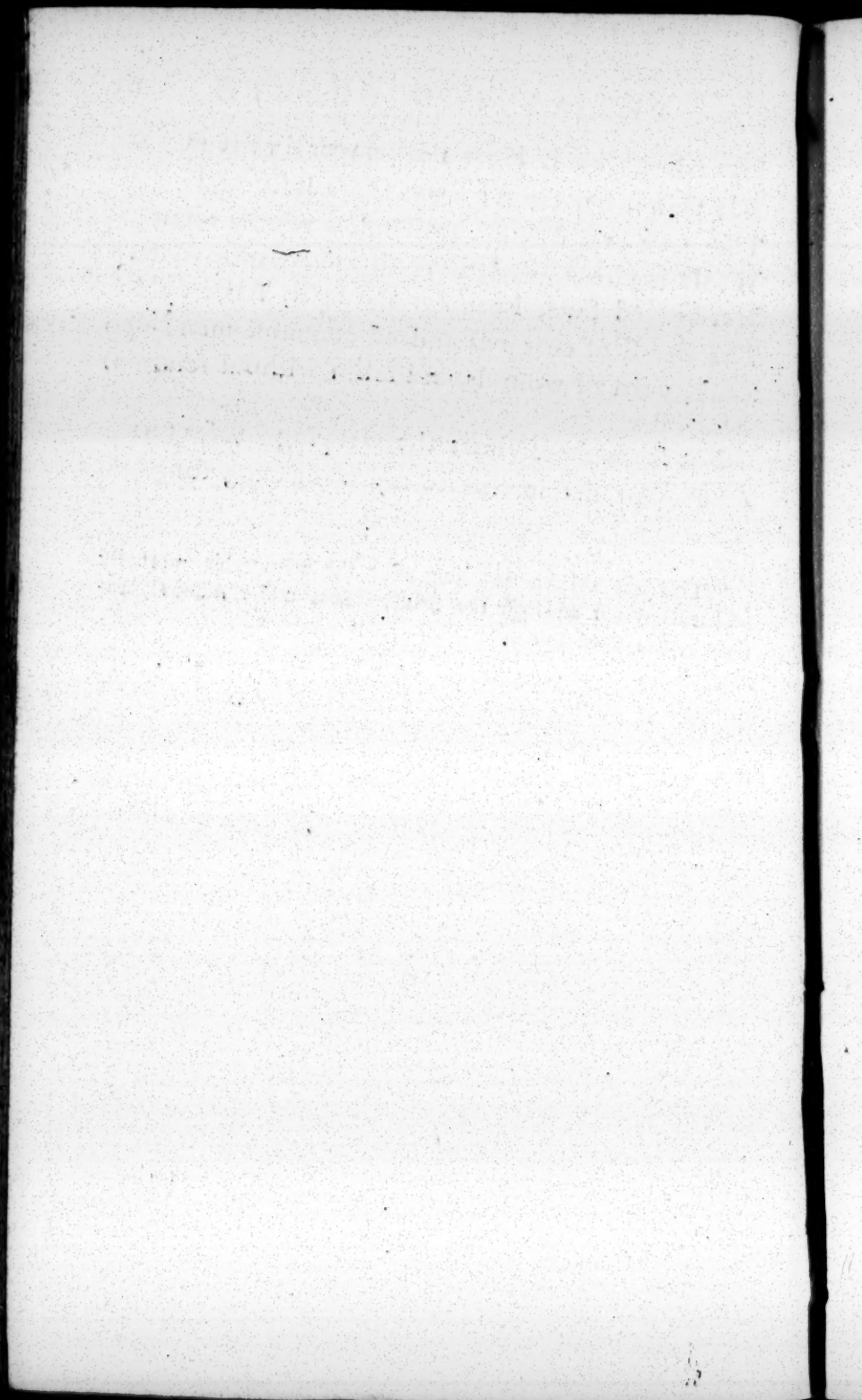
Has



Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven 625  
 Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs  
 That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;  
 While in the \* West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,  
 Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd  
 The death of cowards and of common men: 630  
 Sunk, void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,  
 And other themes invite my wandering song.

\* This was written not long after the memorable mortality which happened amongst the British sailors under Admiral Ho-  
 fier, in the West-Indies.



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THE  
ART  
OF PRESERVING  
HEALTH.  
BOOK IV.  
THE PASSIONS.

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THE  
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BOOK IV.  
THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,  
The use of toil and all external things,  
Already sung; it now remains to trace  
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds:  
And how the subtle Principle within 5  
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay  
The passive Body. Ye poetic Shades,  
That know the secrets of the world unseen,

Amn



Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme  
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways. 10

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)  
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,  
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;  
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,  
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods. 15  
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades  
The mortal elements; in every nerve  
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.  
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels  
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power 20  
Wields at its will the dull material world,  
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame  
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.  
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode 25  
The solid fabric: for by subtle parts,  
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves  
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.  
By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes,  
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd. 30  
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;  
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;  
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these  
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But

# PRESERVING HEALTH. 71

But 'tis not thought (for still the soul's employ'd)  
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay. 36  
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue  
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth ; but long intent  
 On microscopic arts its vigour fails.  
 Just so the mind, with various thoughts amus'd,  
 Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain. 41  
 But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,  
 Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,  
 And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,  
 Engross the subtle ministers of life, 45  
 And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.  
 Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears ;  
 The Lover's paleness ; and the fallow hue  
 Of Envy, Jealousy ; the meagre stare  
 Of sere revenge : the canker'd body hence 50  
 Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who both night and day  
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,  
 And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall ;  
 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,  
 Or sinks in lethargy before his time. 56  
 With useful studies you, and arts that please  
 Employ your mind, amuse but not fatigue.  
 Peace to each drowsy Metaphysic sage !  
 And ever may all heavy systems rest ! 60  
 Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,  
Whom

Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads  
 Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,  
 And gives to relish what their generous taste  
 Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame, 65  
 Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue  
 With constant drudgery the liberal soul.  
 Toy with your books; and, as the various fits  
 Of humour seize you, from Philosophy  
 To Fable shift; from serious Antonine 70  
 To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;  
 And read aloud, resounding Homer's strain,  
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.  
 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength; 75  
 And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive  
 The restless blood, which in unactive days  
 Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.  
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend  
 What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns. 80  
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves  
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,  
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well  
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit 85  
 Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers:  
 Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose

It

It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs  
 Than what the Body knows embitter life.  
 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care, 90  
 To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.  
 There Madness enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,  
 Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes  
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;  
 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads 95  
 The chearful face of Nature: Earth becomes  
 A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above,  
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:  
 Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear  
 Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems 100  
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath  
 A load of huge imagination heaves;  
 And all the horrors that the guilty feel  
 With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes, 105  
 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.  
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind  
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;  
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so.  
 For while yourself you anxiously explore, 110  
 Timorous Self-love, with sickning Fancy's aid,  
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,  
 And ever galls you in your tender part.  
 Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,

For grim religion some, and some for pride, 115  
 Have lost their reason : Some for fear of want  
 Want all their lives ; and others every day  
 For fear of dying suffer worse than death.  
 Ah ! from your bosoms banish, if you can,  
 Those fatal guests : And first the Demon Fear,  
 That trembles at impossible events, 121  
 Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,  
 And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.  
 Is there an evil worse than Fear itself ?  
 And what avails it, that indulgent heaven 125  
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,  
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,  
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?  
 Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares,  
 Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb,  
 Appal the surest hour that life bestows. 131  
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare  
 For what may come ; and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the Body, by long ails mistun'd,  
 These evils, sprung the most important health, 135  
 That of the Mind, destroy : And when the mind  
 They first invade, the conscious body soon  
 In sympathetic languishment declines.  
 These chronic Passions, while from real woes  
 They rise, and yet without the body's fault 140  
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;

Diversion



Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.  
 Vain are the consolations of the wife;  
 In vain your friends would reason down your pain.  
 O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd 145  
 To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!  
 Court not the luxury of tender thought;  
 Nor deem it impious to forget those pains  
 That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.  
 Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves, 150  
 Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune  
 Your sad complaint. Go, seek the chearful haunts  
 Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud;  
 Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish  
 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.  
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes 156  
 New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,  
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines.  
 Or more advent'rous, rush into the field  
 Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,  
 The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul: 161  
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march  
 Forget all softer and less manly cares:

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,  
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain, 165  
 And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,  
 Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl  
 Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.

Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves  
In empty air ; Elysium opens round. 170

A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul ;  
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;  
And what was difficult, and what was dire,  
Yields to your prowess and superior stars :

The happiest you of all that e'er were mad, 175

Or are, or shall be, could this folly last ;

But soon your heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom  
Shuts o'er your head : And, as the thund'ring stream  
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,  
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ; 180

So, when the frantic raptures in your breast

Subside, you languish into mortal man ;

You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.

For prodigal of life in one rash night

You lavish more than might support three days.

A heavy morning comes ; your cares return 186

With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well

May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing head ;

But such a dim delirium, such a dream,

Involves you ; such a dastardly despair 190

Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,

When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,

He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.

You curse the sluggish Port ; you curse the wretch,

The felon, with unnatural mixture first 195

Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.

Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour  
 A thousand curses; for to heaven it rapt  
 Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.  
 Perhaps you rue e'en that divinest gift 200  
 The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,  
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:  
 And wish that heaven from mortals had with-held  
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect 205  
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour  
 Escap'd. For one irrecoverable word,  
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.  
 Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand  
 Performs a deed that haunts you to your grave. 210  
 Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;  
 Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd  
 They hardly know you; or if one remains  
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.  
 Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left  
 A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name; 216  
 A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.  
 Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd  
 All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains, 220  
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those  
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;

The Precepts here of a divine old man  
 I cou'd recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd  
 His manly sense, and energy of mind. 225  
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;  
 He still remembered that he once was young;  
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.  
 Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he  
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on, 230  
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,  
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,  
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,  
 He pitied Man: And much he pitied those 235  
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate had curs'd with means  
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.  
 Our aim is Happiness; 'tis your's, 'tis mine,  
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;  
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd. 240  
 But they the widest wander from the mark,  
 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of fauntering Joy  
 Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage  
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.  
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings 245  
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate  
 Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds,  
 Should ever roam; and were the Fates more kind,  
 Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale. 249  
 Were

Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,  
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain  
That all was vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,  
And for your friend; be busy even in vain  
Rather than teize her fated appetites. 255

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;  
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.  
Let nature rest; and when the taste of joy  
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest. 260

But him the least the dull or painful hours  
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,  
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.  
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;  
Virtue and Sense are one; and, trust me, still 265  
A faithless Heart betrays the Head unsound.  
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)

Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity:

'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just. 270

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;  
Knave's fain would laugh at it: some great one's  
dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son  
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.  
To noblest uses this determines wealth;  
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days; 275  
The peace and shelter of adversity.

And



And if you pant for glory, build your fame  
 On this foundation, which the secret shock  
 Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.  
 The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes 280  
 The vulgar eye : the suffrage of the wise,  
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
 By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
 Is the best gift of heaven : a happiness 285  
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate  
 Exalts great nature's favourites : a wealth  
 That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands  
 Can be transferr'd : it is the only good  
 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own. 290  
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;  
 Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,  
 Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.  
 But for one end, one much-neglected use,  
 Are riches worth your care : (for Nature's wants  
 Are few, and without opulence supply'd.) 296  
 This noble end is, to produce the Soul ;  
 To shew the virtues in the fairest light ;  
 To make Humanity the Minister  
 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast  
 That generous luxury the Gods enjoy. 301

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage  
 Some-

Sometimes declaimed. Of Right or Wrong he  
taught

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;  
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.  
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway  
He knew, as far as Reason can controul 307  
The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine :  
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate  
What Passions hurt the body, what improve : 310  
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene  
Supports the mind, supports the body too.  
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel  
Is Hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul. 315  
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven  
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths  
Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;  
And, make our happiest state no tedious thing.  
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare, 320  
Is Hope ; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast,  
And yet no friends to Life : perhaps they please  
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ;  
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn Clown,  
The ill-tam'd Russian, and pale Usurer, 326  
(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)  
May

May safely mellow into love ; and grow  
 Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.  
 Love in such bosoms never to a fault 330  
 Or pains or pleases. But ye finer Souls,  
 Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill  
 With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,  
 That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve  
 Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose, 335  
 Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.  
 For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast  
 Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,  
 Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,  
 The wholesome appetites and powers of life 340  
 Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths  
 The genial board : Your chearful days are gone ;  
 The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.  
 To sighs devoted and to tender pains,  
 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray, 345  
 And waste your youth in musing. Musing first  
 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart :  
 It found a liking there, a sportful fire,  
 And that fomented into serious love ;  
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves 350  
 Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :  
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,  
 If once you doubt, whether you love or no.  
 The body wastes away ; th' infected mind,  
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets 355  
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.

Sweet

Sweet heaven from such intoxicating charms  
 Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem  
 Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd.  
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk 360  
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,  
 Adds bloom to Health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds  
 A gay, humane, and amiable grace,  
 And brightens all the ornaments of man.  
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd 365  
 With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,  
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond,  
 Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.  
 And some have died for Love; and some run mad;  
 And some with desperate hand themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent, 370  
 A mad devotion to a dangerous Fair,  
 Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate  
 The cares of Love amongst an hundred Brides.  
 Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find 375  
 A cure in this; there are who find it not.  
 'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls  
 The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.  
 For while from feverish and tumultuous joys  
 The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides, 380  
 The tender Fancy smarts with every sting,  
 And what was Love before is Madness now.  
 Is health your care, or luxury your aim,

Be temperate still ; when Nature bids, obey ;  
Her wild impatient fallies bear no curb : 385  
But when the prurient habit of delight,  
Or loose Imagination, spurs you on  
To deeds above your strength, impute it not  
To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates.  
Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown 390  
Urge you to seats you well might sleep without ;  
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,  
A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms  
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.  
For from the colliquation of soft joys 395  
How chang'd you rise ; the ghost of what you were !  
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;  
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.  
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood  
Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves  
(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake) 401  
A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues  
Rapid and restless springs from part to part.  
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ;  
Your vigour pines ; your vital powers decay ; 405  
Diseases haunt you ; and untimely Age  
Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.  
Infatuate, impious, epicure ! to waste  
The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health !  
Infatuate all who make delight their trade, 410  
And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who



Who pines with Love, or in lascivious flames  
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone :  
 He chuses to be wretched, to be mad ;  
 And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate. 415  
 But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway  
 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,  
 And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy.  
 For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,  
 With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare  
 Fierce as the Tiger, madder than the seas, 421  
 Desperate, and arm'd with more than human  
 strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man  
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !  
 Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,  
 Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief, 426  
 Slowly descends, and lingering, to the shades.  
 But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,  
 At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;  
 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell. 430  
 For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd stings  
 Reverberates each vibration of the Soul ;  
 As is the Passion, such is still the Pain  
 The Body feels ; or chronic, or acute,  
 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers 435  
 The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.  
 Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear,  
 And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous fit  
 Is Health, and only fills the sails of life. 440  
 For where the Mind a torpid winter leads,  
 Wrapt in a Body corpulent and cold,  
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;  
 A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,  
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow. 445  
 But if your wrathful blood be apt to boil,  
 Or are your nerves too irritably strung,  
 Wave all dispute ; be cautious, if you joke ;  
 Keep Lent for ever ; and forswear the Bowl,  
 For one rash moment sends you to the shades, 450  
 Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,  
 And gives to horror all your days to come.  
 Fate arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,  
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,  
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour, 455  
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible  
 As your own Wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While Choler works, good Friend, you may be  
 wrong ;  
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.  
 Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave ; 460  
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.  
 But calm advice against a raging fit  
 Avails too little ; and it tries the power  
 Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,  
 To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb, 465  
 And

And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,  
 You reason well, see as you ought to see,  
 And wonder at the madness of mankind:  
 Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget  
 The speculation of your wiser hours. 470  
 Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,  
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow:  
 With all that urge or lure us on to Fate:  
 What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?  
 Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles  
 To cope with subtle or impetuous powers, 476  
 I would invoke new Passions to your aid:  
 With Indignation would extinguish Fear,  
 With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,  
 And Love with Pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a Charm, a Power, that sways the breast;  
 Bids every Passion revel or be still; 482  
 Inspires with Rage, or all your Cares dissolves;  
 Can sooth Distraction, and almost Despair.  
 That power is Music: Far beyond the stretch 485  
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage:  
 Those clumsy Heroes, those fat-headed Gods,  
 Who move no Passion justly but Contempt:  
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)  
 Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace. 490  
 The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts;  
 Good Heav'n! we praise them: we, with loudest  
 peals,  
 Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;

And, with insipid show of rapture, die  
Of ideot notes impertinently long. 495

But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,  
A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire ;  
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,  
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;

Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain, 500

In Love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains  
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;  
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;

Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.

Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old  
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul. 506

Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,

The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,

And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;

And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,

Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;

Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell, 512

And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.

Musick exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,

Expels Diseases, softens every Pain,

Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague ;

And hence the wise of antient days ador'd

One Power of Physic, Melody and Song. 518

THE END.



